Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore i'le none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our lives, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes.
For reaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who never ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, governd by a ſpleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for a
Therefore good Coſin, let not *Harry* k
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, i'le ſay

Hot. My Uncle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *We*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and te

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willingly

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in t

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbi

Wor. I told him gently of your griev
Of his oath-breaking: which he mende
By now forſwearing that, he is foreſw
He cals us Rebels, Traytors, and will ſ
With haughty armes, this hatefull name

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, fo
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd, di
Which cannot chuſe but bring him q

Wor. The *Prince* of *Wales* ſtept forth
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon
And that no man might draw ſhort br
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeem'd it

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I never in my
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more m
Unleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother d
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of arm
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a prince
Spoke your deſervings like a Chronic
Making you ever better then his prai
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with
And which became him like a Prince

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37